To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare bloud shed for our grieuous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded, is the King.
Clar. Erronious Vassaile, the great King of Kings.
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.
2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receiue the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarell of the house of Lancaster.
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vowe, and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne.
2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.
1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deede,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
He needes no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloudy minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was stroke dead by thee?
Cla. My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell and thy fault
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for meede, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule, to loue each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendship.
Bid Gloucester thinke of this, and he will weepe.
Am. I, milstones as he lessond vs to weepe.
Cla. O doe not slaunder him for he is kind.
1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiu'st thy selfe,
Tis he hath sent vs hither now to slaughter thee.
Cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.
2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioies of heauen,
1 Makes peace with God, for you must die my Lo:
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdring me?
Ah sirs, consider, he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede.
2 What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1 Re'ent, tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelish,
My friend, I spie some pitty in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?